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NO. 102

# Captain Marvel

ADVENTURES

BIG 52 PAGES

10¢



**CAPTAIN  
MARVEL**

*and*

**THE MAGIC  
MIX-UP**



*Also*  
**MR. TAWNY**  
*in* **THE  
ADVENTURE WITHIN  
AN ADVENTURE**

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# CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES

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Editor  
WENDELL CROWLEY

The following outstanding magazines are hereby identified  
as their covers by the words & FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WEST COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL, JR. • MASTER COMICS • WESTERN HERO  
OZMA AND BANS • THE MARVEL FAMILY • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALL WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
FANCIER'S FURRY ANIMALS • BOCKY SAND WESTERN • HYDRA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRET HAYES WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines  
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. J. Fawcett, Jr., President*

# CAPTAIN MARVEL

and the

## EARTH DESTROYER

BILLY BATSON IS A BOY WHOSE HEAD-CASTLE HAS BEEN GIVEN THE SPECIAL  
POWER OF uttering "SHAZAM!"--  
THE NAME OF A WISE EGYPTIAN WIZARD--  
WHICH BRINGS DOWN A THUNDERBOLT  
OF HEAVEN LIGHTNING! THIS CHANGES  
THE BOY BILLY INTO CAPTAIN MARVEL,  
A SUPER HERO BY THE NAME OF  
JANETTES BIT. INDUSTRIAL AND WITH  
THE POWERS OF ONE GREAT HERO  
OF HISTORY WITH HIM, CAPTAIN MARVEL  
CARRIES ON A CONSTANT BATTLE  
AGAINST EVIL, CRIME AND WAR!

STOP, CAPTAIN  
MARVEL! YOU KNOW  
THIS IS JUST I WANT TO  
A POOR AND SANE  
BATTLE!

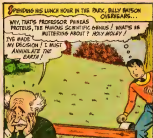
### DESTRUCTION OF EARTH

MICROPHONE    MICROPHONE    MICROPHONE

FOR HOURS, A MAN HAS BEEN WANDERING THROUGH THE CITY  
STREETS, WHISPERING-DEAD WORDS!

YES, THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE! I WANT WIFE OUT THE HUMAN  
RACE! EVERY LIVING SOUL MUST DIE!

• A SCIENTIST USED HIS  
GENIUS TO TRY TO DESTROY THE  
EARTH. YOU WOULD PUT HIM  
DOWN AS AN EVIL MADMAN,  
WOULDN'T YOU? BUT PROFESSOR  
PENGAS PROTIVUS WAS NOT AN  
EVIL MADMAN! HE WAS A MAN  
DEVOTED TO DOING GOOD FOR ALL  
HUMANITY! YET HE TRIED TO  
DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE NOT  
ONCE ... BUT THREE TIMES!  
HE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL FOR A  
GOOD CAUSE, BUT HE RECALLED  
WITHOUT CAPTAIN MARVEL!





PROFESSOR! WHAT WILL THAT BOMB DO?

IT'S A CRASH REACTION BOMB! REACHING THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, IT WILL SET OFF AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION! THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BLOW UP IN 1/20 OF A SECOND TEEH!



OH HADRAH! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!

NO, CAPTAIN MARVEL! DON'T BE AN STUPID FOOL! DON'T TRY TO SAVE EARTH! THAT'S THE WRONG THING TO DO!



THE STRANGE WEIRD BOMB IN THE EARTH OF THE WORLD'S MOST UGHT MORTAL AS HE FORGERS THE DEADLY BOMB UNDERGROUND!

DON'T TRY TO SAVE EARTH! THE WRONG THING TO DO! WHAT IN THE UNIVERSE COULD HE HEAR?



BUT HOLY MOLEY! I'VE GOT TO STOP ON IT! BUT SMOKE BOMB HAS TERRIFIC SPEED! WE'RE A THOUSAND FEET DOWN ALREADY!



SOOT IT! NOW TO TAKE OUT THE FUSE! IT MRS TIMED TO EXPLODE WHEN IT REACHED THE CENTER OF THE EARTH!



STRANGE AND THE WEIRD WHICH SHEET CAPTAIN MARVEL ON HIS RETURN!

CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU STUPID FOOL! YOU JUST SAVED THE EARTH AND THE HUMAN RACE! ON, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU MISGUIDED FOOL-T!

IT SEEMS AS IF I'M A DIRTY SOB FOR SAVING THE WORLD! HOLY MOLEY!



I'VE HAD BROWN OF THIS, PROFESSOR / HEARD SCREAMS / WHY DID YOU TRY TO BLOW UP THE WORLD ?

BECAUSE THE WORLD IS DOOMED ANYWAY !



WHAT DO YOU MEAN ?

A MONTH AGO, WITH MY TELESCOPE, I DETECTED A HUGE BLACK CLOUD IN SPACE—APPROXICATING EARTH / AND THAT BLACK CLOUD IS COMPOSED OF POISON GASES THAT WILL KILL ALL LIFE ON EARTH !



AND YOU ALONE DISCOVERED THIS ? WHY DIDN'T OTHER SCIENTISTS REPORT IT ?

BECAUSE ONLY MY SPECIAL, EXTRA-SENSITIVE SPECTROSCOPE COULD DETECT AND ANALYZE THE POISON CLOUD / I CHECKED MY RECORDS OVER A HUNDRED TIMES, BUT THE ANSWER WAS ALWAYS THE SAME—DOOM FOR EARTH !



BUT I DIDN'T ANNOUNCE IT / WHY LET OTHERS WORRY AND SUFFER AS I HAVE ? WHEN WE MEET THAT POISON CLOUD, IN THREE DAYS, IT WILL BE A LONG, AGONIZING DEATH FOR ALL PEOPLE ON EARTH !

NOT MONEY !



NOW I SEE / YOU WANTED TO SAVE PEOPLE FROM THE SLOW TORTURE OF POISON / SO YOU DECIDED TO DESTROY EARTH FIRST AND QUICKLY !

YES / LIKE A MURDER KILLING— FOR THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE !



BUT THAT'S WRONG, PROFESSOR / YOU GAVE UP HOPE TOO QUICKLY / THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO SAVE EARTH !

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE POISON CLOUD / NO ESCAPE !



THE WORLD'S MOST FEARFUL MORDAL FLUNG INTO SPACE HIMSELF TO INVESTIGATE !

HOW CAN HE BE SURE THAT BLACK CLOUD CONTAINS POISON GASES ? I'LL CHECK UP !



WELL / THIS OLDIE HAS PLUNTY OF BERT AND BOOT IN IT / BET NOW TO TEST FOR POISON GASES--  
**SHAZAM!**



**BASIC LIGHTNING BRINGS BACK BILLY!**  
**BOOM!**



**AND BILLY IS THE GARDIA PEE NEEDED!**  
**COUGH / CHUKE! POISON GASES! THE PROFESSOR OF EIGHT! BEFORE THIS STORM GETS ME -- SHAZAM!**



**BOOM**



**CAPTAIN MARVEL, TO WHOM ALL POISONS AND FORMS OF DEATH BEAM NOTING-- ADAM APPEARS, AND...**  
**AT LEAST THE PROFESSOR, WHOM'T HEARD ABOUT THE THEORY OF GAMES / BUT HE STILL DECIDED TO TRY TO DESTROY BILLY IN ADVANCE TO SAVE THEMSELVES / THE BIG QUESTION IS --- HOW TO SAVE BILLY?**



**THE PROFESSOR IS A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS! I'LL GET HIM TO WORK ON SOME WAY TO SAVE BILLY, NOT DESTROY IT! THAT'S WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE FIRST PLACE!**

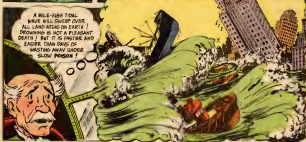


**THE PROFESSOR'S DOOR / HE LEFT A NOTE!**



**HOLY HOLY! HE'S TRYING IT AGAIN!**

*Dear Captain Marvel,  
I know that after you saw the Personal Clouds you would realize they helpless and are washed out to destroy life on earth through giant tidal waves.  
Professor Proctor*







CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU SAVED EARTH AGAIN, YOU WINDPROOF! DON'T YOU SEE THAT THE BEST THING IS FOR THE HUMAN RACE TO DIE NOW... BEFORE THE POISON ARRIVES?

BUT, PROFESSOR...



I'VE SAVED EARTH TWICE! SAVED THE LIVES OF TWO BILLION PEOPLE! BUT, YOU KNOW, THAT PROFESSOR MAKES ME FEEL LIKE THE LOWEST SCUM ON EARTH FOR HAVING DONE IT!



A DROBBT! NO WATER FOR MILES! ITS SAFE TO POSE THIS STUFF OUT HERE! NOW TO GO BACK TO THE LAB AND GIVE THE PROFESSOR A PIECE OF MY MIND!



BOY BOY! I JUST HAD A POSSIBLE THOUGHT! WHAT IF THE PROFESSOR HAD A THIRD METHOD WORKED OUT FOR DESTROYING EARTH? IT BETTER BEER! /



CAPTAIN MARVEL IS NOT WRONG, FOR BACK AT PROFESSOR PROTENS' LAB...

I HAD THESE METHODS WORKED OUT FOR WIPING-OUT THE HUMAN RACE, IN CASE TWO OF THEM DONT WORK! THIS IS MY ULTRA FIRE MATCH!



THE ULTRA FIRE DONT NEED PAPER OR WINDING TO BURN! ITS FUEL IS DIET AND SWEET! AND SINCE ALL EARTH IS COVERED WITH DIET AND SWEET, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BURN UP LIKE A TENDER ROX!



THIS HAS GOT TO WORK! BETTER FOR ALL OF US ON EARTH TO DIE IN SWIFT FLAMES, THAN TO GROCE AND GASP AND WRETCH IN ABOONY WHEN THE POISON CLOUD COMES!



THE ULTRA FIRE WILL SWEEP OVER EARTH SOON / GOODBYE, WORLD / I'M SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT IT WAS FOR EVERYBODY'S GOOD!



SWIFTLY, THE ULTRA FIRE, FEEDING ON DUST PARTICLES, SWEEPS OVER CITY AND COUNTRYSIDE!



AND CAPTAIN MARVEL IS WITNESS TO THE MOST BROAD SHOT EVER SEEN BY MORTAL EYES!

THE PROFESSOR MUST HAVE SUCCEEDED WITH A THIRD METHOD! EVERYTHING IN SIGHT IS BURNING!



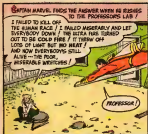
RETREATING INTO SPACE, THE WORLD'S BRIGHTEST MORTAL SEES A SCENE THAT BURNS INTO HIS MIND WITH SHOCKING INTENSITY!

THE WHOLE EARTH IS IN FLAMES! I DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE ANYBODY! THE HUMAN RACE HAS JUST BEEN WIPED OUT!



STUNNED, HEBBERLED, CHOKED TO THE EDGES OF HIS BEAK, CAPTAIN MARVEL HEADS BACK FOR HIS HOME WORLD!

THE FIRE BURNED ITSELF OUT PRETTY FAST / JUST A FEW HOURS! BUT THAT WAS LONG ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY TO DIE / OH, IF ONLY ONE PERSON IS LEFT ALIVE ... JUST ONE ...





I NOTICED THE POISON CLOUD WAS FILLED WITH BOMBS! AND THE ULTRA FIRE BURNING DIET! AS A RESULT, THE CLOUD IS BREAKING UP AND ALL THE POISON GASSES ARE BEING DISPERSED!



CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU SCATTERED THE CLOUD FAR AND WIDE! EARTH IS SAVED!

YES, FOR THE FOURTH TIME!



YOUR OWN ULTRA FIRE BANGED EARTH, PROFESSOR, AND I THINK YOU'VE LEARNED A GREAT LESSON --- NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP! NEVER SAY DIE! BRAVE IS ALWAYS HOME!

YOU WERE RIGHT FROM THE START, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



WELL! WHAT A DRY, BE, DROUSY EARTH WAS THREATENED WITH DOOM, AND SAVED, NOT ONCE --- NOT TWICE --- NOT THREE TIMES --- BUT FOUR TIMES! I GUESS YOU CAN CALL THIS THE DRY OF FOUR DOOMS!

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL HEADS  
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST CLUB!

# JOIN NOW!

**CAPTAIN MARVEL**  
12 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

**Now Captain Marvel**

Please enroll me as a member of the exciting CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB. I enclose \$5.00 for dues or request to cover the cost of mailing you. I understand that I can be renewed by CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB CARD which contains the secret code and the CAPTAIN MARVEL membership BUTTON along with many other surprises.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please be sure that your address is correct and identify it that your membership will come to you!

SEND THIS  
COUPON IN  
**TODAY!**



# Eddie Joost

CHAMPION SHORT STOP  
OF THE  
PHILADELPHIA  
ATHLETICS

NOW I CAN SEE  
MYSELF  
IN ACTION!

SPARKED BY JOOST'S SENSATIONAL  
PLAY & TEAM SPIRIT - ATHLETICS  
FINISHED AT 1ST DIVISION (1951) FOR  
FIRST TIME IN 15 YEARS.  
EDDIE WAS AWARDED TELEVISION  
SET WHEN FANS VOTED HIM "MOST  
VALUABLE AND POPULAR  
PHILADELPHIA PLAYER."

SEE WHAT YOU  
CAN DO WITH  
WHEATIES,  
BOYS!

WHERE'D HE  
COME FROM?

SAYS HE BATTED  
1000 IN THE  
WHEATIES  
LEAGUE!

CHAMPIONS START YOUNG!  
EDDIE JOOST BEGAN IN  
PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE  
WHEN ONLY 10 YEARS OLD!  
HAS PLAYED EVERY  
INFIELD POSITION  
DURING CAREER.

EDDIE HAS 4 SONS - WANTS THEM  
ALL TO BE BALL PLAYERS!

ANY OF YOU GUYS  
NEED NOURISHMENT?

"FOR A SWELL YEAR-AROUND  
TRAINING DISH, I'LL TAKE  
WHEATIES ANYTIME!  
SAYS CHAMPION JOOST,  
A BIG ROWELFUL OF THOSE  
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES"  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT  
- REALLY TASTES SWELL.  
- HANDS YOU GOOD  
NOURISHMENT, TOO."



WHEATIES

"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

# TIGHTWAD TAD

A REAL PHONE-Y



YOU HAVE A TELEPHONE IN YOUR HOUSE, DON'T YOU?

YES, I DO!



THEN WHY ARE YOU RUNNING TO THE PLUMBER? WHY DON'T YOU PHONE HIM?

YOU CERTAINLY ARE STUPID!



STUPID?

OF COURSE...



...HOW COULD I BORROW THE PLUMBER'S TOOLS OVER THE PHONE?



BOSS, LOOK AT TIGHTWAD TAD (RUN!) (RUN!)



HEY TIGHTWAD, WHAT'S THE RUSH!

(PUFF, PUFF) THERE'S A LEAK IN MY CELLAR! I'M RUNNING TO THE PLUMBER!

**BANDITS BOMBED BY BOTTLES!**

*DASHILL HARRIS*  
**Adventures of SAM SPADE**

**LISTEN TO:** "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

"HEY! WHEN DID YOU GET THE HELICOPTER?!"

"HEY! WHEN DID YOU GET THE HELICOPTER?!"



WHOSE DO WE GO WITH ALL THIS WILDCOOT CREAM-OIL, HUH? LISTEN!

THE BANDITS ARE REPORTEDLY RACING TOWARD THE AIRPORT. YOU'LL WANT WILDCOOT TO CLEAR HIGHWAYS FOR MOTORCYCLES PLUGGING THE WHEELS!



HERE'S REPORT #2: WEY BROKE A CAR WITH WILDCOOT OIL ABOUT A HALF HOUR AGO.

HOW IF THEY JUST HAD A BURNOUT? THAT WOULD SURE 'TA!



WELL, LET'S GO BE A BURNOUT! IT'S OVER THE ROAD AHEAD OF 'EM AFTER LET'S OPEN THESE CASES OF WILDCOOT CREAM-OIL!



CREAM-OIL AWAY!



WHY DO OLDS SAY I THOSE GLASS BOTTLES SCORPED 'EM!

TOO, SAM...

YEAH! BUT THEY WERE FULL OF WILDCOOT CREAM-OIL. THINK OF ALL THE GUYS WHO HURT AND HANDICAPED WILL-OPENED HAV! JUST BECAUSE OF ME!

**SAM SPADE ASKS:**  
**CAN YOUR IDEAL PASS THE FINGER-NAIL TEST?**



TRY IT! SCRUBB YOUR HEAD IF YOU FIND CHIPS OF CORNERS AND SCORCH MARKS. OTHERWISE YOU NEED WILDCOOT CREAM-OIL. THIS TONIC NON-ACIDIC OIL CONTAINS SCORPING LAROLIN.



**EPHIE SAYS:**

SHIRT GRUBS USE WILDCOOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK-CLEANING AND FOR RELIEVING CHINING BETWEEN PERMANENT WAXES. FIND IT IDEAL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR.



# HARRISTER THE BARRISTER

DEEP  
CASE!

COURT OF JUSTICE



HUH? HEY, MISTER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M LOOKING FOR A LAWYER! MY BROTHER WAS IN AN ACCIDENT!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO ANY FURTHER, MISTER! I'M A LAWYER!

YOU? HOOR, YOU SEEM SLY FOR A LAWYER!



NATURALLY—I'M A SYSTEM LAWYER!



NO, I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T DO! I NEED A REAL GOOD LAWYER!

HOLD ON! I'M ONE OF THE BEST LAWYERS IN THIS TOWN!



HONEST?

WHAT A QUESTION—OF COURSE I'M HONEST!





# Captain MARVEL

## MEETS THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST!



WHO IS THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST? CAPTAIN MARVEL MEETS HIM, AND GIBS HIM, AND FIGHTS HIM! AND SET HIS OPPONENT IS THE MAN WHO DIDN'T EXIST! TELL IS A STRANGE STORY OF A STRANGE MAN AND THE STRANGEST OF ALL MYSTERIES EVER SOLVED BY THE WORLD'S MOST JUSTICIAL MORTAL!

**I**n THE SMALL TOWN OF BRIGHTWOOD THE MOST INDIGNANT AND DISPISED MAN IN TOWN IS TIMOTHY TUCKER! MAN THAT HIM...









YES, THIS SORT OF A QUIET AND CALM AND PEACEFUL TOWN!



OR IS IT? HOLY MOLLY! A FIGHT!  
SNAGAM!

I CAN LICK ANY MAN IN TOWN, SEE? AND THERE ARE NO POLICE TO INTERFERE, EITHER! THAT MAKES IT PERFECT!



BUT BILLY HAS OFFERED THE WORLD VOICE BY MAGIC LIGHTNING CHANGED HIM TO POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL!



A BILLY, EH? PICK ON SOMEBODY YOUR SIZE! WE, FOR EXAMPLE!



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, CAPTAIN MARVEL! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF BILL BARTON!

HOW DID A LOUD-MOUTH BILLY LIKE THAT GET INTO THIS PEACEFUL AND QUIET TOWN?



I DON'T KNOW! NOBODY HEARD OF HIM BEFORE! HE POPPED OUT OF NOWHERE, AND HE'S BEEN GOING AROUND TOWN INTIMIDATING EVERYBODY!

WELL! I THINK I'LL HANG AROUND FOR A WHILE!



UNFORGETTABLE, WITH HIS PLASTIC FORM, THREE SCREAMS!

WHY DID CAPTAIN MARVEL HAVE TO SHOW UP? BY FLYING AND BLUSTER AROUND—SCARE EVERYONE GRAY—AND JUST ABOUT RUN THE TOWN! BUT TO REACH THAT GOAL, I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF CAPTAIN MARVEL—AND I KNOW HOW!











Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!

A big, chewy piece plus  
comics, fortunes, facts

GET SOME TODAY

1¢

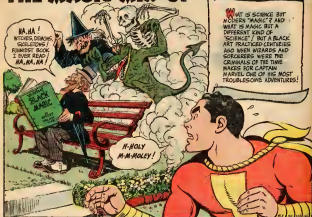


FRANK H. FLEER CORP.  
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.



# Captain MARVEL *and*

## THE MAGIC MIX-UP



FOR INSTANCE, THE SILENT CHARM / I'M NOT AFRAID TO SAY IT ALOUD / AKKA DAKKA YAKKA!

**BLACK MAGIC CHARM**  
AKKA DAKKA YAKKA!

Hark ye! When this charm is uttered aloud, there will appear out of smoke a frightful demon with horns and hoofs, breathing fire and



**POP!**

AND THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO COME UP IF A DEMON / INDICULOUS! HA-NA!



**GRRRR!**

HOLY MOLEY! WHERE DID THAT HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY POP UP FROM? SAKZAM!



POSSIBLY BY BILLY BATSON OF STATION WHIRL, AND HE SPEAKS HIS OWN MAGIC WORD WHICH BENDS MAGIC LIGHTNING AND MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL!

**BOOM**



THE WORLD'S HAPPIEST MORAL BATTLES THE DEMON!

THIS REFUGES FROM A NIGHTMARE! BATES MY ATOMIC PUNCH!

**WHAM**



BATTLED RELENTLESSLY BY CAPTAIN MARVEL, THERE IS ONLY ONE "ESCAPE" FOR THE NETHER WORLD CREATURE!

HOLY MOLEY! HE VANISHED IN A PUFF OF SMOKE, LUCK MAGIC!

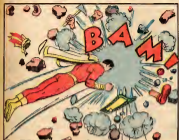
**POOF!**



LIKE BLACK MAGIC / BILLY SAW THAT LITTLE MAN DEADEN A BLACK MAGIC BOOK, AND MUMBLES ALOUD / COULD IT BE THAT HE COLLARED UP THE DEMON AND DIDN'T KNOW IT? I'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM!







WHAT WAS THAT NOISE? / OF SOME BASTARD. I / SUPPOSE / BUT I'M HOME / NOW!

AT LAST / I'VE CAUGHT / UP WITH HIM!



GIVE ME THAT BOOK, JIM! / I'LL BURY IT! HUNDREDS / THOUSANDS / YOU / COLLECTED UP A DRAGON, A / SKULLTON, AND A LIVING / STONE!

WHAT? / TUBBER! / LET GO OF / MY BOOK!



CAPTAIN MARVEL / HOW COULD YOU / BELIEVE THOSE CHARM / WORKERS IF PEOPLE / HADN'T!

BUT I SAW / THEM / FOUGHT THEM / THAT BOOK IS / QUINQUELUX!



HA! I'LL FEED ITS / MONSTER! I'LL OPEN / ANOTHER SHINY CHARM / IF NOTHING APPEARS. / WILL YOU GO AND / LEAVE ME IN PEACE?

ALL RIGHT! IF / IT'S THE ONLY / WAY TO / CONVINCE YOU! / GO AHEAD!



2000 / 1000 / 1000!

AM READY FOR ANYTHING / THAT MATERIALIZES!



WELL? DO YOU SEE / ANY WIZARDS OR DEMONS / OR MONSTERS, MY DEAR / CAPTAIN MARVEL?

HA!? / NOTHING / HAPPENED!









# DOPEY DANNY DEE

STRONG-MINDED IDIOT!



# MAN FROM THE PAST

A JON JARL Adventure

By Eanda Binder



**T**HE rocket ship of Lieutenant Jon Jarl of the Space Patrol cruised past the moon on routine duty. Within, Jon Jarl had long hours to himself and was reading a history of the 20th century, over 300 years before. Jon noticed that the record was not complete. Certain things were unknown about the 20th century.

For instance, it was not known when the first trip into space had been made. As early as 1950 a rocket ship had aimed for the moon, but had never come back. Also several more ships had been sent off, and never returned. Had any of them reached the moon? Nobody knew. The records were blank. All they could say was that in 1961, a ship had finally returned from space, for the first time.

Jon glanced at his meters to see if all was right with the engine. Suddenly he looked out the port window. Something was floating in space ahead. It was a small rocket ship, but dead and silent. A derelict of space.

Jon cut his rockets and circled. As he drew close, he saw that the small ship was of a very queer design. And it looked old somehow, as if it had floated there in space a long time. Excited, Jon stopped his ship and jumped across in his space suit. He found the hatchway door hanging open. No air was inside the ship. The pilot must have suffocated.

Within the cramped cabin, Jon found a single body, that of a young man, slumped before his controls. When the door swung open, he must have died within a few minutes. The body was perfectly preserved, because in space there are no germs, no oxygen or moisture to decompose bodies.

In fact, as Jon looked closely, the still form seemed almost alive. "Ridiculous!" Jon chided himself. "He certainly couldn't be alive, after years and years—"

Suddenly, Jon picked up the body, which was stiff and icy cold, and brought it to his own ship. "This is absolutely crazy!" Jon muttered. "But I'll try it."

He turned up the heat in his ship and then applied an oxygen mask to the face of the corpse. He kept it up for an hour, waiting for some sign of life. Finally he threw down the oxygen mask in disgust and turned away.

"Dead!" he said. "Dead as a doornail, and I was a fool to try to revive him."

"Uh—? Wh—what was that you—uh—said?"

"I said he's dead, and I was a fool to—"

Jon broke off, gasping. Who had spoken? Whirling, Jon saw the young man sitting up weakly—breathing, alive, and very bewildered.

"What happened?" the young man said in strange accents. "The last I remember was when a meteor clipped my ship, and the door swung open. The air rushed out! I felt myself gasping and choking—and I knew I was dying. But I didn't die, did I?"

"Suspended animation!" Jon said in awe. "The sudden outrush of air, and then the cold of space creeping in, didn't kill you. It only threw you into a suspended state. But your ship is strange and old looking. And your accent is old-time. What year are you from?"

"1950," returned the young man. "I'm Chuck Halloran, of 1950."

"1950?" choked Jon Jarl, thunderstruck. "Good heavens! You were floating in your ship, then, for 311 years?"

But if Jon's astonishment was great, the reaction of Chuck Halloran was violent. He leaped up with a strangled cry. "You're crazy! 311 years. Why, that would make this 2261 A.D.! Do you mean to tell me this is the 23rd century? I don't believe it! I won't believe it! It's fantastic."

Quietly, Jon handed him the book he had been reading. There on the first page it plainly said—Printed in 2261.

Chuck Halloran sat down with staring eyes. "I'm 390 years in the future! Three centuries beyond my time! I had just made the first rocket trip to the moon, but on my return, the meteor struck!"

"Then," Jon said amazed, "you're the answer to one of the biggest mysteries in our history records. You were the first man to make a trip to the moon! Wow! Won't it bring you back to Earth and tell them the news?"

**I**T was a sensational event. Newspapers, telecasts, and newswreels blazoned the remarkable story of the "living fossil" from ancient 1950 to all worlds!

As for Chuck Halloran, the world of 2261 was to him a strange and marvellous wonderland. Jon Jarl, in honor of finding him, was assigned by Headquarters to conduct Chuck around, and show him the marvels of their time.

Jon took him to the Thought Movies, where the drama was impressed directly on the mind, in vivid mental images. They took in a robot

football game, where two teams of mighty metal men smashed at each like giants. Jon took him around the world in a speedy strato-jet. Then a jaunt around the planets to see the canals of Mars, the rings of Saturn, and the looting Red Spot of Jupiter.

At first, Chuck took it all in eagerly, fascinated. But gradually, Jon noticed him getting quieter and haunter looking.

"What's the matter?" Jon asked one day. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself, Chuck."

"I'm not," Chuck muttered. He waved around, his face sad. "This is all so strange to me, Jon. It's not my time at all. I miss my age, "slow" and "backward" though it may have been. Life in 2261 is so bewildering, so vast. I feel like a jungle savage suddenly transported to a big city. I feel lost!"

Jon nodded understandingly. A civilization so far beyond his own was no easy thing to adjust to.

"I wish," Chuck suddenly blurted out. "I wish you had never found me and revived me, Jon!"

**ONLY** then did Jon realize how crushed

Chuck was in spirit. He was overwhelmed, sewed under, floundering. And worst of all, he was homesick! Homesick for a world to which he could never return, a world lost back in 200 years of unbridgable time!

"What you need is a job," Jon said. "Something to keep you busy. Besides, you have to earn a living for yourself. You have a long life ahead of you."

But that was the worst thing, as it proved. Chuck's first job was as a mechanic. He quit in a week, unable to understand or master the intricate machines of 2261. Jon then placed him as a pilot, but Chuck, unable to handle the controls, nearly crashed a ship.

"It's hopeless!" Chuck groaned to Jon. "I can't hold a job in 2261. It's all over my head. I'm as helpless as a baby here. Everybody looks at me pityingly, as if I were a freak, or a throwback to the apeman. I can't stand it, Jon!"

And at that moment, staring at the wretched young man in pity, Jon almost washed, too, that he had never found him. He would go down in history with double fame, as the first man to fly into space, and the only man to live 200 years! But he couldn't hold a job in 2261, and, facing a perplexing new world so different from his own, he would likely crack up mentally.

Chuck led him to the museum where his "flying coffin" space ship was preserved. He

stared broodingly. "If only it could take me back to 1930," he murmured with wild eyes.

Jon started. Chuck must be snapped out of it, somehow. Jon led him firmly to his rooms and told him to wait. Jon had an idea. But when he returned that night, Chuck was gone. A hunch told Jon where to go, and at the museum, there was a gaping hole in the roof. Wild-eyed, berserk, Chuck had driven away into space in his original ship.

Jon's own speedy ship flashed after him. It was near the moon that Jon saw the ancient vessel take a death plunge, down to the rocky, cratered surface. Chuck was seeking the only "escape" he could think of! Could Jon save him?

It seemed an eternity had passed when Chuck Halloran's across slowly swam back. He sat up, gasping. He was back in 1930! There before him was a typical street of his time, with its shiny Buicks and Chevies! There were the usual subway entrances, and hot dog stands, and store windows with 1930 style clothing in them. Miracle of miracles, he had somehow gone back in time to his own age!

But there was one jarring note—nothing was moving! It was still, static. Figures of people ahead were just motionless dummies.

"It's just a museum," came Jon's quiet voice behind him. "But a giant museum, with replicas of many 1930 streets and farms and villages. I saved you up at the moon and brought you back, Chuck. Now the big question is, how would you like the job of conducting guided tours through here, explaining to my people what your times were like?"

Chuck didn't answer. He didn't need to. Eyes shining, he was already sitting at the wheel of a 1930 car, ready to cruise through the miles of the gigantic museum of the 20th century.

Chuck leaned out the window as he drove past a taxi whose dummy driver sat within woodenly. "Aw, shaddap, ya big ape! I got the right of way!"

**THEN** he grinned at Jon, returning. "I'll even give your people the authentic atmosphere of 1930—all its slang, and howls, and noise! Good old 1930!"

Jon smiled. All was well. The lost soul from 1930 had found his place in 2261.

THE END

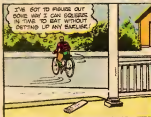
Read more astounding tales about **JOHN MARVEL** in every issue of **CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES!**

# Capt. Kid

## OR THE EARLY BIRD



SINCE I TOOK THIS JOB DELIVERING THE MORNING PAPERS, I HAVE TO GET UP SO EARLY I NEVER GET A CHANCE TO GET ANY BREAKFAST!



I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY I CAN SCHEDULE IN TIME TO EAT WITHOUT GETTING UP ANY EARLIER!



THAT NIGHT —

IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED, BUT BEFORE I DO I'LL LEAVE THESE CRACKERS AND A BOTTLE OF MILK RIGHT HERE ON THE TABLE —

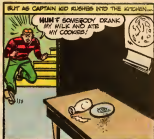


--- I FIGURE WITH BREAKFAST READY ON THE TABLE FOR ME TO REAR, I CAN MANAGE TO EAT IT ON THE WAY TO THE BACK DOOR WHEN I LEAVE MY BICYCLE, WITHOUT LOSING TIME!

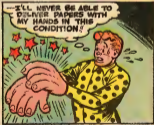


THE NEXT MORNING —

THE TELEPHONE? HUH? NO... IT'S THE ALARM CLOCK! TIME TO GET UP! (GRRR!)







WIZ BUB KNIGHTS FROM VIZOR PROOD YV ORPY LWY  
 UOORLH BWHI DILN MLEP RSH NRTGSS BZLN GL WL RANB  
 RBY PROD RSH ORY NYCS RSHRY NTKATON NZYSD TLNH OOSB  
 UZ RUMG OBY SPORLY TAYV OOK QZ PUCH VBN UOWKANT  
 VZOR TH BLP PROOD NIKHOLEB DEAM BL P NZW

●SV IWWRHXIEVIB LU VZIGS!

H, CLUB MEMBERS! HERE'S YOUR REGULAR MONTHLY COOP REPORT!

ONE YOUR COOP REPORT TO FINISH THIS OFF!

# Captain MARVEL *and*

## THE ADVENTURE WITHIN AN ADVENTURE ...



WHO OF US AT TIMES  
 HAS NOT WISHED HE  
 WERE THE GREAT CAPTAIN  
 MARVEL, WHO'S THE  
 MOST POWERFUL HEROICAL?  
 SOME OF US HAVE EVEN  
 DREAMED WE WERE  
 THAT FAMED BOB!  
 AND MR. TAWNY, THE  
 TALKING TIGER, PROVES  
 TO BE NO EXCEPTION!

Starring  
**MR. TAWNY**

THE FANCUS TALKING  
 TIGER!

SOK!

STATION  
 WHIZ, BILLY  
 BAYSON SHOWS  
 A POUND  
 AROUND! IT'S  
 MR. TAWNY TALKING  
 THE FANCUS  
 TALKING TIGER!



AND THAT'S WHERE  
 I MADE MY NEWS  
 BROADCASTS,  
 MR. TAWNY!

THIS IS ALL  
 VERY INTERESTING,  
 BILLY!

STATION  
 BILLY WATSON  
 SHOWS A  
 POUND  
 AROUND



THIS IS THE WHIZ  
 LISTENING POST!  
 WE ALWAYS KEEP A  
 MAN ON DUTY HERE  
 TO PICK UP ANY  
 SPECIAL CALLS  
 OR DISTRESS  
 SIGNALS!

YOU MEAN  
 SOMETIMES AN  
 SOB WILL COME  
 THROUGH?





YES AND---  
HOLY HOLLEY!  
THERE'S ONE  
NOW!

HELP!  
CALLING CAPTAIN  
MARVEL! PLEASE HURRY  
AND SAVE ME BEFORE  
THEY...CLICK!



IT WAS A GIRL'S VOICE! BUT THE  
MESSAGE WAS CUT OFF! SHE DON'T HAVE  
TIME TO SAY WHERE SHE WAS! THE  
DIRECTIONAL FINDER SHOWS ONLY  
THAT THE RADIO WAVES CAME  
FROM DUE WEST!



THE POOR GIRL!  
ARE YOU GOING  
TO SEND CAPTAIN  
MARVEL?

YES! IT ISNT  
WICK TO GO ON,  
BUT CAPTAIN  
MARVEL CAN FLY  
STRAIGHT WEST IN  
HOPE OF FINDING  
HER! **SEAGAM!**



SEAGAM'S MYSTIC  
WORD SCORCHES  
WITH A BLAST OF  
BASIC LIGHTNING  
CHANGING HIM TO  
CAPTAIN MARVEL,  
THE WORLD'S  
MIGHTIEST MORAL!



AND LIKE ANY OTHER, RED-BLOODED PERSON,  
MR. TAWNY HAS A QUITE HUMAN THOUGHT NOW!

HOLLY! THERE'S CAPTAIN MARVEL, READY TO  
GO ON SOME SCORCHING, UNKNOWN  
ADVENTURE! NOW I'D LIKE TO  
GO ALONG AND SHARE  
THE THRILLS OF  
ACTION!



WELL, WHY NOT ASK F?

CAPTAIN MARVEL!  
WOULD YOU---UH---TAKE  
ME ALONG? I PROMISE  
NOT TO BE IN YOUR WAY!  
PLEASE F?

WHAT?



WHY NOT, MR. TAWNY? I CAN FLY WITH YOU  
AS FAST AS ALGAR! AND BESIDES, YOU  
CAN HELP ME LOOK FOR THE GIRL!  
OFF WE GO!

YAYYYYYY!



AND SO, MR. TAWNY ACCOMPANIES CAPTAIN MARVEL ON HIS UNKNOWN MISSION!

"I'LL JUST KEEP FLYING WEST! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR ANY SIGN OF TROUBLE BELOW, MR. TAWNY!"



GOSH, THIS IS EXCITING! I'VE ALWAYS ADMIR'D CAPTAIN MARVEL! HE'S SO BIG AND STRONG AND POWERFUL! I SOMETIMES WISH I WERE A BIG HERO LIKE HE IS!



AND WHAT LIES AHEAD? WHAT NO TROUBLE IS THAT CHILD IN 7 WARDEN CAGES BEING KIDNAPPED BY THINGS AND IS BEING HELD FOR RANSOM!



AND NOW, EVEN AS YOU AND I DO AT TIMES, MR. TAWNY HOLLERS IN A DYING CRY, ANTICIPATING THE UNKNOWN DISCUSS AHEAD!

ARE YOU READY TO CLEAN OUT THIS NEST OF THING, MR. TAWNY?

RIGHT, CAPTAIN MARVEL!



YARRR! IT'S THE WORLDS MOST FIERCEST MORTAL!

AND THE WORLDS MOST FIERCEST THING!



YOU HEARTLESS WITCHES HOLDING THAT LOVELY CHILD IN CAPTIVITY! TAKE THIS!

AND THIS!

Oooh!











HOLY MOLEY!  
MURKIN  
CREATORS  
FROM ANOTHER  
WORLD!

MY WORD!  
THIS IS THE  
CRUEST DAY-  
DREAM OF  
THEM ALL!

OUR WORLD WISHED TO  
CONQUER EARTH! WE WERE SENT  
IN ADVANCE TO SEE HOW POWERFUL  
YOU BARBLES ARE! IF YOU  
GUN KILLS YOU EASILY, THEN WE  
WILL KNOW YOU ARE FOXY!

I DREAM THERE'S NO HOPE  
FATHER! OUR RADIO MESSAGE  
WOULDN'T PICK UP BEFORE THEY  
CRASHED OUR  
TRANSMITTER!



STOP, YOU  
FRENDS!

INTRUDERS!  
RAY THEM  
DOWN!

**CRASH!**



LOOK OUT, MR. TRINNY! THOSE ARE  
DANGEROUS!

WHAT IS HE PROTECTING  
ME? NOTHING CAN HARM  
ME! BESIDES, THIS IS  
ONLY A DREAM!

ZAP!

ZAP!

ZAP!



THEY ARE TOO  
POWERFUL!  
RUN FOR  
THE SHIP!

HOLY MOLEY! THE  
LAND STARTED A  
FIRE! I'LL HAVE  
TO PUT IT  
OUT!

THEY WON'T  
GET AWAY, CAPTAIN  
MARVEL!



AGAIN THE MIGHTY  
TEAM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL  
AND MR. TRINNY COMES  
THROUGH! DOWN YOU  
GO, MURKIN  
MONSTERS!

POW!

POW!



MERCY,  
MIGHTY ONE!  
LET US GO  
AND WE WILL  
NEVER  
RETURN!

YES, GO! AND TELL  
YOUR MURKINS  
NEVER TO INVAD  
EARTH, OR ELSE  
ANNOY!  
BECOME!



COMIX CARDS  
appear every  
month in  
*Comix Cards*  
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
ALLAN "ROCKY" LANE  
IN  
*Rocky Lane*  
EVERY MONTH!  
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

See us direct for our price on individual





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A DREAMLAND DRAMA... FEATURING "RED" WALKER

**NIGHT AFTER** READING A BOOK ABOUT BLOODTHIRSTY BUCCANERS, "RED" DROPS INTO DREAMLAND...




"...MY BALL-BANDS HAVE THE BEST-IN-SPEED AND COMFORT I'LL NEVER GIVE UP!"

ONLY BALL-BANDS CAN THE COMFORTOUS ARCH-BAND

ARCH-BAND GIVES THE LONG ARCH NEEDED SUPPORT FOR ACRES COMFORT AND GREAT PROTECTION.

ARCH-BAND CUSHIONS THE HEEL AND BASES RUNNING AND JUMPING SHOES.

ARCH-BAND CUSHIONS THE METATARSAL ARCH TO PREVENT TIRING OF FOOT MUSCLE.




LOOK FOR THE RED BALL -- SIGN OF THE BEST BUY IN CANVAS SHOES -- IN THE STORE AND ON THE SOLE OF THE SHOE.



**Ball  Band**



CLUB MEMBERS AND FANS! LOOK WHAT'S HERE! . . . . . A BRAND NEW, HANDSOMELY DESIGNED SWEATER MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT THOUSANDS OF FANS HAVE ASKED FOR. MADE OF FINEST QUALITY, 100% VIRGIN WOOL AND FULLY GUARANTEED.

**Only \$3.95 each!**

**Money refunded if not satisfied.**

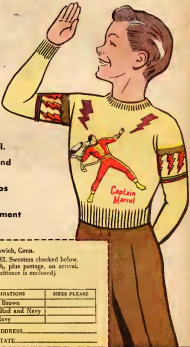
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**Send no money—pay postman on arrival.**

**Beauty and value beyond description.**

**Ideal Birthday and Xmas Gifts.**

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Come in Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

HOW MANY	COLOR COMBINATIONS	SIZES PLEASE
	MAIZE, Red and Brown	
	LUSTRE BLUE, Red and Navy	
	White, Red and Navy	

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Girls  
Boys

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This Easy Way



American  
made Pocket  
Watch. Leather  
International look  
color. Sell one  
order.



**ROY ROGERS CAP PISTOL**  
With  
Halter, Belt and  
Lasso. Sell one  
order.

DRESSER SET



A beautiful Wood Maple. Two  
drawers of Boy's or Girl's Model.  
Sell one order plus \$1.50.

IT'S SO! THAT'S  
A NICE! DRESSER  
BUT DON'T THEY  
NEED A LOT?

THEY DO—  
BUT YOU CAN  
GIVE THEM  
A GIFT



IT ISN'T?  
HOW COME?

I WOULD HAVE WANTED  
YOUR MONEY BACK  
AND AN ORDER OF  
500!

MANY MORE PRIZES FOR YOU SEE THE BIG PRIZE BOOK.



**SHOW HOME MOVIES**  
Works properly with 35 ft. of  
Columbia Film. Sell one order  
of Xmas Packs plus \$2.50.



**BUCK TRACY CAMERA**  
A low priced complete set  
everywhere seen. Sell only one  
order of Xmas Packs.

PHONOGRAPH



The exceptional new  
Simple Control Toy  
Car. Fun for  
everyone. Sell  
one order  
**STEER IT AUTO**



THEY SHOULD  
BUY NOW  
COULD I GET  
REPAID?

WELL YOU CAN DON'T  
Worry and Worry  
THEY MUST SEE



**ELECTRIC TRAIN**  
Two choices of Boies or Builders  
model. Sell one order  
of Xmas Packs.



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Royal Get the Official Size  
Football! Sell one order of  
Xmas Packs.

TABLE TENNIS



**TYPEWRITER**  
For Boys &  
Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.50.



LOOK!  
SEE, IT REALLY  
WAS GREAT!  
OUR PRIZES  
CAME ALONG!

IN THE END  
OF YOURS!

JEWELRY ALSO

GIFTS FOR MOTHER AND DAD UKELELE



**WELLAS!**  
A fast  
shooting  
1600-foot Air  
Rifle. Sell one order  
plus \$1.50.



**NEW RADIODPHONE**  
A real  
radio  
for Boys and Girls. Sell one  
order of Xmas Packs plus \$1.50.

ARCHERY SET



**Guitar**  
Full  
Size  
musical  
instrument  
with Gene  
Aubry's Sign-  
ature. Sell one  
order of Xmas  
Packs plus \$1.50.



NEEDS A  
BOTTLE OF  
WINE!

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Please send me your Big Prize Book and  
one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell  
them at 25¢ each, send you the money,  
and get the prize.

My choice of Prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address  
or P. O. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

